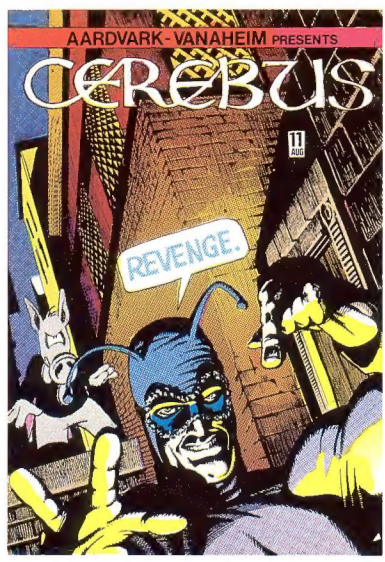


CEREBUS

bi-weekly



reprinting Cerebus number eleven (1979) in its entirety

April 21, 1989

CEREBUS

bi-weekly

April 21, 1989

CIRCULATION

19,000

DAVE SIM
President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

Issue number eleven has been a landmark issue for us. Reaction to Cerebus is really starting to flow in, as you can see by the expanded letters page. People at conventions are also starting to react to Cerebus with more familiarity. For me, that makes talking to people so much easier.

By the time this issue is out, we will be back from, or at, the July conventions in New York, Philadelphia and Atlanta. At this point of writing, I'm still wondering what to expect.

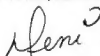
Much has been happening in the way of Cerebus products. If you saw our ad a few issues back for a stuffed toy of Cerebus, there have been a few changes - mostly that I make them now (so you can just order them directly from this address), and the price is now ten dollars instead of twenty. They are about a foot tall, including the ears. A products page will be added in future issues as someone else is making for us little statues of Cerebus. I think they're like paperweights - we haven't seen them yet.

The art in this issue is a bit of a change for Dave. He spent more time and effort on pencils, layouts and inks than he has before, and in different directions. I feel that it shows, and that you'll be seeing more of this kind of effort in future issues of Cerebus. That is, if Dave survives the conventions, slide shows and a few new things he's working on come September.

The newsletter is definitely going to start. When is hard to tell. I've kept up a list - so anyone who wrote and said they would be interested will be on that list. Let me know if you'd like to be, okay?

I've got to get going or this will never get to the printers. This page is always done last, and at the last minute. Enjoy the story for it's fast-paced and sure to keep you laughing!

I'll see you in issue 12!!



CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is published by Aardvark-Vanaheim Press, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 1W5. Published bi-monthly. Denise Loubert, publisher. All contents © 1979 Dave Sim. Printed by Fairway Press. Vol. 1 No. 11, August 1979-September 1979.

April 21, 1989

The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS No. 11 (August - September, 1979)

Marshall Rogers again.

Same convention. Same conversation. Except this time the topic of conversation wasn't materials or techniques. This time the subject was Batman. Excuse me -- THE Batman.

There is perhaps no bigger The Batman fanatic than Marshall Rogers. He also has his own singular view of how the character should be handled and no other way quite measures up. Marshall Rogers talking about The Batman, projecting this gut-wrenching motivation he sees in the Bruce Wayne/Batman split personality is as nice a piece of theatre as you're likely to find at a comic book convention.

Simply put, he sees the Batman as a sicko -- off the deep end. This otherwise normal millionaire who every night starts to slowly metamorphose into this deeply disturbed Figure of the Night. There's a part of him that doesn't want to put the costume on and go out in that damn rain and wind, but it's, like, the costume keeps screaming "put me on! put me on! You're The Batman." Once the costume is on, he's not even vaguely human in disposition. Every evil-doer becomes Joe Chill and the demon has to be exorcised. All these years and every night, he has to relive that horrible moment when Joe Chill stepped from the shadows and You get the idea.

Heady stuff, indeed.

It started me thinking about the whole basis of The Batman Legend. Marshall talks jokingly about doing a treasury sized team-up between The Batman and Captain America. The Batman slinking around alleyways, shoulders hunched, shadows everywhere, and his cape up over his face. Hsss. And here comes Cap bounding along, all red white and blue; the neon sign of super-heroes -- about as innocuous as the Macy's Parade coming through your bathroom.

And it's true. Batman -- heh heh sorry -- The Batman is the perfect counterpoint to Superman and the boys. They would clean up a crime, but stick around to sign a few autographs, kiss a few babies. Make nice on the good people. The Batman didn't want anyone to know he was there. Break their heads, kick a few asses and then get away before anybody shows up with (gaahh) strong lights, flashbulbs. Dark. Find some dark and curl up in it. Wrap your cape around you. And keep your eyes peeled for any of those murderous, thieving scum that might happen along.

Hsss.

Once I had that, the story just about wrote itself. The biggest problem was trying not to do it too literally. No kidding. By the time I had seen the Sarah Bernhardt of comics do three performances (last complete show: 1:00 a.m.) I was just about ready to do an all-drama issue of Cerebus. That was when I started adding a few of my own touches. I started wondering "What if Bruce Wayne is a nutbar too?" What if he didn't remember being The Batman. He just woke up every day and there was another twenty grand in a pile at the foot of the bed. Gold teeth ripped from criminal mouths, negotiable bonds from a jay-walking industrialist. I mean if you're going to kick ass, why not turn a profit? Hm?

Hsss.

The "hsss" by the way is a direct steal from Jules Feiffer's *Hostileman* that appeared in *Playboy*, a strip I consider one of the best essays on super-heroes ever written. It fit The Batman to a "t".

It was with the greatest sense of great that I realized I wouldn't be able to use the name. It had become such an integral part of the whole concept, that I felt cast adrift. I finally opted for the most disgusting critter I could think of. I even had an origin sequence in mind that had to be scrapped because of space limitations (you'll notice that the story is a wee bit cramped in). "Hss. Criminals are a superstitious and cowardly lot, so my disguise must make them toss their cookies." Cockroach crawls across his sandwich. Gluckkkk. "That's it! A cockroach ... I'll be a Cockroach."

Hsss.

This issue marked a major turning point in a number of ways.

Although I still hadn't mastered it, the pen and brush were already adding a new dimension to the pages. I always wondered how Berni Wrightson got those wood grain so thin.

It was also the first big city that Cerebus had ventured into in the series (lest in No 6, but he stuck mostly to the lower class areas that were essentially the same as the cities of his youth). The merchant takes him into the nicer areas (against his nature, as seen by page one) and circumstances keep him there. His resourcefulness takes a turn for the better, as he runs his first scam of any great proportion, realizing that you can get anyone to do anything if you just push the right buttons. He doesn't realize of course that it's a long road to travel, as seen by

The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

Cerebus No. 11 (cont'd)

the trouble he gets into in later issues with his cleverness, there is a recurring theme to these manipulations; it's not what the aardvark says, it's how he says it. Even though the Cockroach doesn't know what a condominium is, he is an instant convert to the cause. It takes a very strong and secure personality to say no to Cerebus when he's in top form.

It also established the personality of The Cockroach that would remain through his other appearances. He needs someone to pull the strings; whether it's Cerebus, President Weisshaupt, or Astoria. His freelancing days ended when he found the cause he was looking for; raising up the poor and helping them to live like good and decent folk. He and Green Arrow would get along fine.

The first introduction I wrote for this story was a lengthy dissertation on the nervous breakdown I suffered after this issue was finished. It ran to about twice the length of this one, at least, but in the end, it sounded like what it was; a self-serving rationalization of a very insane couple of weeks. I realized when I had it done, that my intention had been primarily to reassure everyone reading it that it wouldn't happen again. Including me. It was the culmination of many different threads in my life coming together at once. Personal stuff, professional stuff, problems, ambitions, accomplishments and failures. Writing that introduction was a very therapeutic exercise, but the final product was pretty dull.

When Kevin Davies of MIRIAD did the interview with me, he asked me if I could have avoided the nervous breakdown, a question I really didn't consider too extensively until I saw it again in print. I don't think I could have, and in many ways, it came at exactly the right time. It was a warning that I am only human and it was an indication to me of just how fragile human can be. I've learned to accept only as much pressure as I can comfortably handle, and to keep my own feelings as the primary focus for my decision-making. Talking to people like Wendy Pini, I began to realize that the people attracted to success (and success is the honey for a specific kind of fly) can bleed you white if you let them, all with the best of intentions.

I realized writing the introduction that I was trying to help anyone who might find themselves in the same situation I did. I was hoping in some way to reach anyone who might be feeling themselves losing control-- babbling endlessly about nothing, swinging from elation to depression and back in a matter of minutes. Unfortunately, it's a pit that you either climb out of or slip into permanently. But the answers have to come from inside.

Enthusiasms about Marshall Rogers, The Batman, and the pleasure I can get out of a steel point barely a half-inch in length and a bottle of ink, rather than rehashing a dead end period of my life, is one of those answers.

For me.

cerebus the aardvark

THE MERCHANT THE COCKROACH

CEREBUS HARBOURED THE BELIEF THAT BEQUIN EMBODIED THE WORST ASPECTS OF LOWER FELDA. ONLY IN BEQUIN COULD YOU DEBATE PHILOSOPHY WITH A SOLDIER. BY DAY...

AND BY NIGHT, AWAKE TO FIND HIM CARVING A NEW MOUTH UNDER YOUR CHIN... THE CITY ALSO FAIRLY REEKED OF WINE AND PERFUME...

HE ALMOST WISHED HIS COMPANION WAS LEADING HIM INTO A TRAP SO HE COULD VENT HIS RAGE! BUT FIRST HE HAD TO SEE IF THE MERCHANT WAS SERIOUS ABOUT THE HUNDRED GOLD COINS...





I HOPE FOR BOTH OUR SAKES THAT YOU HAVEN'T *STUMBLER* ACROSS A *FAKE*. IN THE PAST WEEK ALONE I'VE BOUGHT MEALS FOR A *DOZEN* BAR PATRONS CLAIMING TO POSSESS *AUTHENTIC* MAGIC CHARMS

I'VE TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF OPENING A SPARE PARTS CLINIC FOR *LIZARDS*, *BATS* AND *RABBITS*...

WHY DO YOU KEEP LOOKING *AROUND*?



THERE HAVE BEEN A NUMBER OF INCIDENTS OF *VIOLENCE* IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD! A MERCHANT MUST BE *CONSTANTLY* ON HIS GUARD...

CEREBUS HAS YET TO MEET A MAN WHO *DIDN'T*...

HAHA! MERCHANT OR *OTHERWISE*, EH? WELL PUT MY DIMINUTIVE FRIEND...THESE ARE *BIZARRE* TIMES...

BUT, *NOW*...



I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOUR *LOTUS*...



AYE! IT IS THE *LOTUS*-- AND A BARGAIN AT A *HUNDRED GOLD PIECES!* PROBABLY THE *PUREST* MAGIC OBJECT IN THE KNOWN WORLD!

THERE IS BUT *ONE* THING CAN BE DONE WITH IT...



CEREBUS MUST
HAVE **DOZED**
OFF AND MISSED
SOMETHING...

WHY DID YOU JUST
THROW THE PUREST
MAGIC OBJECT IN THE
KNOWN WORLD INTO
THE FELD RIVER?



I AM A **SORCERER** TURNED
BUSINESSMAN! THE MYSTIC
ARTS ARE DYING, AND
THOSE LEFT IN IT ARE
BUFFOONS IN NECROMANCERS
CLOTHING! WERE THEY
TO GET THEIR HANDS ON
THE LOTUS, THESE DIME-A
DOZEN ILLUSIONISTS
COULD WREAK HAVOC,
TOPPLE EMPIRES AND
BRING US ALL TO
CRASHING RUIN...



IT IS MY ROLE-- **NAY--** MY
DUTY IN LIFE TO BUY
ALL MYSTIC OBJECTS
IN FELDA AND DISPOSE
OF THEM! I WILL PERMIT
NO ATTEMPTS TO UNSTEADY
THE SOCIAL ORDER--

IT'S BAD FOR
BUSINESS...

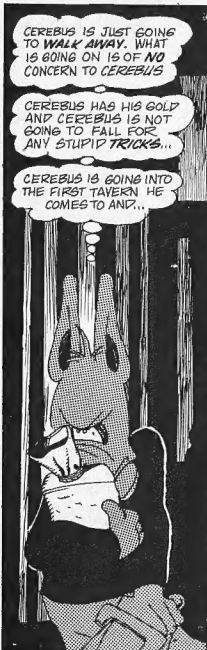
AND AS I SAID--
I'M A **BUSINESSMAN**



YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO SEE MY **WRINKLE**
CREAM OVER THERE
WOULD YOU?

A LITTLE
PINK JAR.







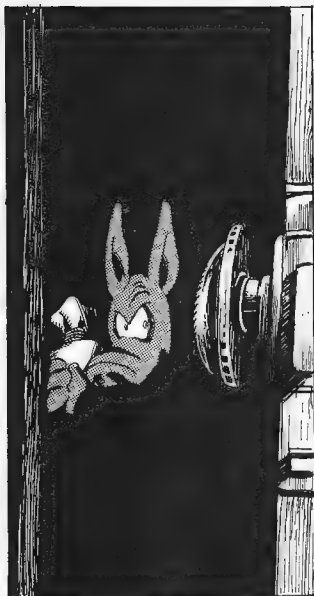
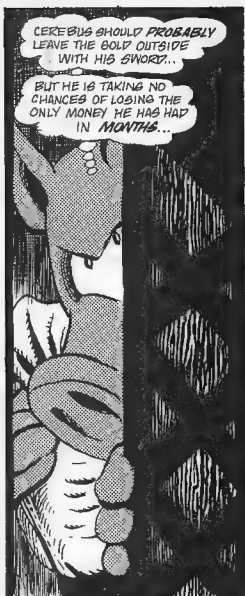












April 21, 1989

AARDVARK COMMENT

Cerebus No. 11

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 11

This marked the only time a letters page appeared in the body of the issue. I miscalculated and had Cerebus 'discovery' on a right hand page. So I threw a page of letters in between pages.

AARDVARK COMMENT

KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W6

Dear Danse and Dave
I'm coming in as a rather late discoverer of your CEREBUS THE AARDVARK comics. Actually, I read 2 & 3 almost a year ago, but the shop I got those at never got any others and I assumed the magazine had ceased publication I've just now attended an other-wise-dead s-f convention where a dealer had the entire set up to 8, so at last I've learned what I've been missing.

Considering how tenuous the supplies of CEREBUS are in Southern California, I'd like to get on the mailing list you're compiling so I'll be informed when THE AARDVARKIAN AGE and any other items are available. Eight issues on a regular schedule - with this type of magazine, that's almost as unusual as the high quality of CEREBUS itself.

Best wishes for continued growth

Fred Pattan,
11863 West Jefferson Blvd.,
Culver City, California, 90230

Thank you for your kind words. All products will be mentioned in Cerebus as they become available. At the moment, final plans for a newsletter are still a ways off, since there are a lot of things I would like to cover in the newsletter and it's going to take a while for a lot of the elements to come together. I'll try to have more to say about it next issue.

Deni,

I'm not one to write to magazines or comic books to tell them how much I like them. As a matter-of-fact, it has to be a DAMN good magazine! As if you haven't already guessed, I think CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is DAMN good! I enjoy reading Cerebus 100%. I think the art is great, the stories and writing are excellent, and the character of Cerebus beautifully exhibited. There is only one other magazine I admire more (or equally), HEAVY METAL. I think you two make up a very high goal for all the sci-fi magazines and other lesser publications.

Keep up the fantastic work, and

my friend and I will follow that earth-pig to the end of the Earth! Wellness!

Behind you all the way,

Brad Wise,
700 E. Smith St.,
California, Mo.,
65018

Be sure and pack a lunch if you're going to follow the earth-pig that far. It's a long way between restaurants.

Hi Dave and Deni,

Just a few words to let you know how much I enjoy the indomitable Cerebus. I have the first nine issues and feel that 7 was your stellar effort - great artwork with very original panel angles and a hilarious story-line. May Cerebus reach 100!

How about this wild thought - Cerebus is time-warped to the Montreal Forum right in the middle of the Stanley Cup play-offs and duels Guy Lafleur (with hockey sticks of course).

Or he stumbles into the Bronx Zoo, meets a lovely female aardvark and -?????

Keep the beloved Earth-pig a uncanny deeds a-coming!

W.R. Gold,
711 Walton Avenue,
Bronx, New York, 10451

Thanks a lot. Now I have to come up with new plots for issues 14 and 15.

Dear Dave and Deni,

Cerebus never ceases to amaze me. The art is absolutely fantastic, with an intelligent use of black. The style is original and fresh, and the various angles used are well-dispersed throughout the book.

The plots are equally incredible. They're well-paced and innovative, and Cerebus perfectly parodies Conan. Supporting characters are also well-done, adding well-balanced variety with their various oddities.

The art and scripts blend smoothly, to create some of the best comics ever.

And best of all, there's no overly-endowed women wearing disgusting costumes!

Peace,

Mark Browning,
430 Vassar Ave.,
Berkeley, California
94708

Hereby resolved, Cerebus will only feature under-endowed women in disgusting costumes or overly-endowed women in conservative costumes. Who says there's no integrity in comic books?

There is no helping comparing Cerebus the Aardvark to Howard the Duck. They are the same in the ways that the first few issues had a uniqueness about them that made them fun and very enjoyable to read and reread.

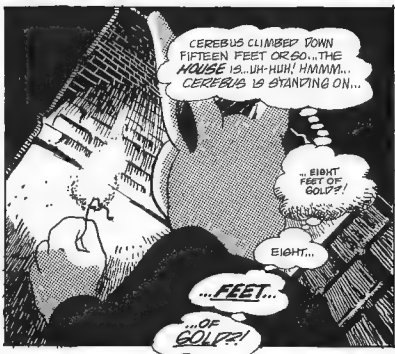
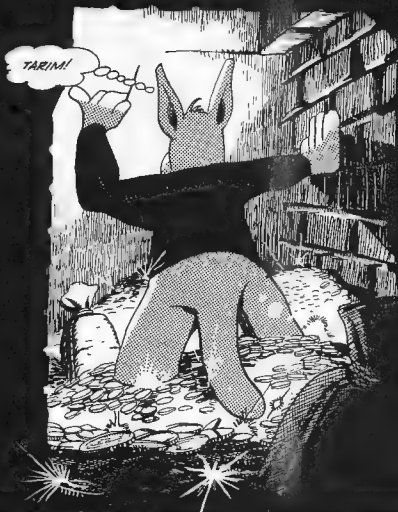
Both are pokes at the characteristics of comics. This is where they start to differ as well. Howard, after a while, began to rely on his adventures to get laughs, the gags. We all know what's happening to Howard now. But Cerebus is into its second year and still the same type of story is being written and working. Comparing 9 to 1, you'll see a noticeable resemblance in story type, even though I doubt it was intentional. Cerebus tries to loot a fortress ruled by some tyrant and battles many nemeses before taking on the tyrant.

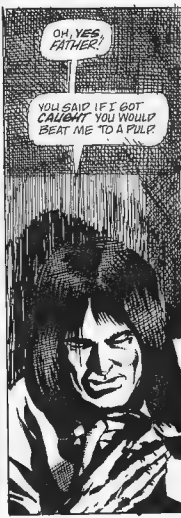
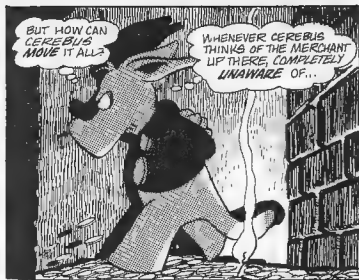
Another difference between Howard and Cerebus is Howard is getting nowhere relying on non-fan support for survival, while Cerebus is bought by fans. I think they will keep Cerebus going, even if they can't help Howard.

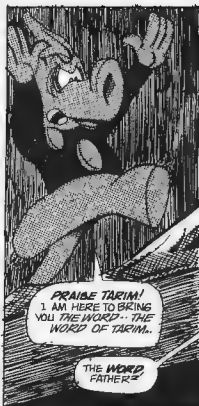
Make mine Aardvark!

Ken Willis,
726 Cooper Street,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont
P6C 4W2

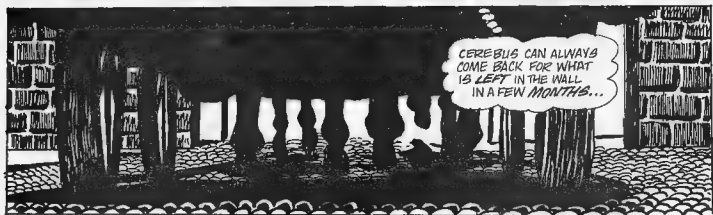
As far as I'm concerned, there are only two groups who are of any significance in comics - the people who create them and the comics fans. Publishers should be people who know the best way to get the creator's work directly to the fans. We're working on it, folks.

















THE COCKROACH HUNT WOULD GIVE HIM AN EXTRA FEN SECONDS ONLY... THEY WOULD BE AFTER HIM NOW AS AN ACCOMPLICE. THE COCKROACH WOULD BE BUYING HIS FREEDOM RIGHT NOW WITH A WALL FULL OF GOLD

CEREBUS KNEW THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO AT LAST BALANCE THEIR BUDGET.

FOR HIS PART CEREBUS WOULD SEE THAT THEY DID NOT GET ALL THE GOLD...



SEVEN SACKS! A SUBSTANTIAL DROP FROM EIGHT FEET OF LOOT, BUT ENOUGH TO GUARANTEE CEREBUS ALE MONEY FOR THE DURATION OF THE SPRING...

ONE MORE MINUTE AND THE SOLDIERS WOULDN'T HAVE A PRAYER OF CATCHING HIM...



BUT EVEN AS HE LASHES THE SACKS INTO PLACE ON THE SADDLE...

...SEVEN MOUNTED SOLDIERS THUNDER TOWARD HIM IN A SWIRL OF DUST...



BRIEFLY, THE EARTH-PIG TURNS, CONTEMPLATING SOME REVENGE FOR THE LOSS OF HIS FORTUNE...

MAYHAP WHEN HE REACHES THE HIGHLANDS...

BUT FOR NOW...



...HE HAD TO REGAIN
HIS LOST ADVANTAGE
... AND QUICKLY...



TARIM!

ALREADY
THEY ARE
TOO CLOSE!



A
SACRIFICE...



BUT THERE IS
NO SACRIFICE TOO
GREAT FOR KEEPING
ONE'S FUR INTACT..



DEIDRE! COME
WITH ME!

THE REST OF
YOU GATHER
UP THE GOLD!



CEREBUS HAD ONLY
A FEW SECONDS
TO ACT

THERE WERE NO LOCAL
FARMERS IN SOLDIERS'
CLOTHING. HE WOULD NEVER
BEAT THEM TO THE HIGHLANDS.

HO!

DISMOUNT...

...BUT BE
ON YOUR
GUARD!



IT'S THE
HORSE HE
STOLE, ALL
RIGHT!

AYE! AND THREE
MORE BAGS OF
GOLD...



HE MUST HAVE
JUMPED RATHER
THAN FACE A
TRIAL AND
EXECUTION...

I GUESS WE
SHOULD HEAD
BACK TO BEDDIN
WITH THE GOLD...



GOLD? YOU MEAN
THE THREE BAGS
HE WAS HOLDING
ONTO WHEN HE
JUMPED?

HOLDING ONTO?
BUT THEY'RE
RIGHT THERE
ON HIS...

OH! I GET
YOUR DRIFT



MY BROTHER LIVES ABOUT A
MILE FROM HERE... WE CAN
GET HIM TO HIDE IT FOR US
WHILE WE REPORT BACK...

CEREBUS IS SIMPLY GOING
TO HAVE TO FIND A LESS
NERVE-WACKING WAY
TO MAKE MONEY!

April 21, 1989

Cerebus No. 11

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 11

AARDVARK COMMENT

KITCHENER-ONTARIO NZG 1W6

Dear Dave, Deni and Michael:

Well, I promised you guys a letter and by Ghod, here it is. I can't think of anyone better than CEREBUS to receive this, the first "fan letter" of my life.

I sat here in front of my typewriter with CEREBUS 1-10 arrayed in a neat pile on my desk. I have read all of the damn things through from cover to cover for about the fourth time, and I still find myself unable to really say anything beyond "WOW! GREAT!!! MORE!!! MORE!!!"

Something about Cerebus gets me - I'm not quite sure what, but I suspect that it is due to a combination of factors. Here are my general (and hopefully, constructive) comments about the things I liked.

The first is the writing. The stories flow nicely, with text, dialogue and art merging smoothly into an integrated whole. Occasionally, I found the story powerful enough to overshadow the manic humour inherent in the idea of a barbarian aardvark dealing with barbarian humans. The obvious example here is 2, CAPTIVE IN BOREALA. If we consider the story as a whole, it seems obvious (at least to me) that with very minor changes, it could have been the tale of any sullen, over-muscled barbarian-type - and it would have been reasonably good as a serious story. As a humorous story, with the central character an aardvark, the ideas literally take wing and fly.

Incidentally, I may be dense, but I still don't see why the *šuccubus* wasn't able to take the aardvark's soul unless a) he doesn't have one, or b) human and aardvark souls are located in differing psychic locations?

The art is good, but I agree with the reader who says that it is still evolving. I look forward to the day when the art is not "merely" good, but consistently superb.

The best thing about the book is the humour. I note that you haven't really poked fun at anything other than the genre of

"Sword and Sorcery" stories: the nice thing about CEREBUS is that you can say anything about anything. (In this vein, the line about "...women being raped, children molested...food prices skyrocketing..." in 10 was just priceless.)

In my humble opinion, the high point of the entire series to date has been 6, "The Secret". Pages 8, 12 and 16 especially sent me into near hysterics. This is no mean feat, when you consider that Mr. Spock is one of my heroes, and that I can claim a fairly valid reason to be inscrutable.

I confess that I am somewhat torn about "The Secret". On the one hand, I desperately want to see a sequel with a happy ending to the most unlikely love affair ever conceived; on the other hand, I have the nagging feeling that any sequel might cheapen or lessen the original story.

A question that arises due to "The Secret" and the Red Sophia stories: does Cerebus have intense sexual longings for luscious female-type aardvarks who are so conspicuously absent from his life? This is a question which is not unimportant - the answer may well contain the reason why he is so bad-tempered.

A question which I hope you will answer some day is: how is the world of Cerebus related to our world, if at all? Or, stated in other terms, at what point in history (or prehistory) does the Aardvarkian age occur?

And finally, will Cerebus ever meet his figurative father? You know, the big fellow, black-haired, sullen-eyed, who came out of the bleak northlands to tread the jewelled thrones of Earth beneath his sandaled feet?

Best regards,
Do-Ming Lum
363 Montrose Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario
M6G 3G9

I'm afraid I only have room to answer your last question. No - I don't have any plans for Cerebus to meet up with Ronald Reagan.

Dear Cerebus,

Today I got my first copy of your fabby comic.

For years, I've been obsessed with AARDVARKS, so you can imagine my delight at seeing one as the hero of a comic book. A sword and sorcery style comic at that!

So, despite the ridiculous import price, I bought it. The copy I've got is 9 (and the ending is fantastic). It will probably be the last copy I get unless you can help me. You see, I doubt very much if I could find a regular supplier here in the UK. I wondered whether you could send me details of a possible mail order supply? (Not a subscription, I couldn't afford the initial expenditure!)

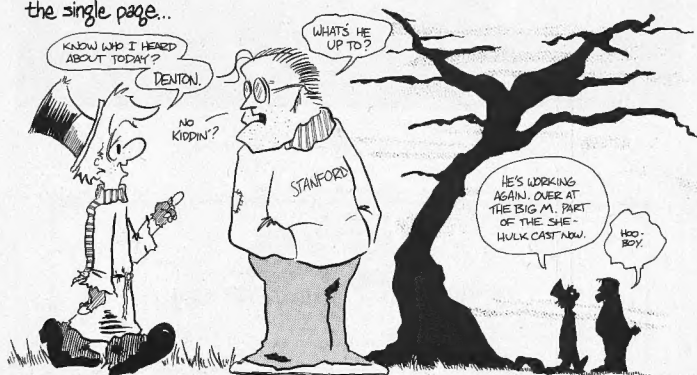
I'd also be interested in copies of issues 1 to 8 which I have missed out on.

Are all your adventures Sword and Sorcery or do they vary?

David Elson,
55 Rullerton Road,
Wallasey, Merseyside,
England

These are the kind of letters that make me wish I had a bottomless stack of each issue so I could go around handing out complete sets to everyone in the boonies. Howabout one of you wonderful Cerebus fans out there set up something with David. Help him put an Earth-pig in his life.

the single page...



April 21, 1989

This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 11

PHIL SEULING'S

1979 COMIC ART CONVENTION

Sat., June 30, 12 noon - 8:00 p.m.
Sun., July 1, 10 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

New York City
Statler-Hilton Hotel
Seventh Avenue & 33rd Street

Adults \$3.00
12 & under \$1.50

It's time again for the biggest and best comics convention of them all! For the twentieth year in a row, the Comic Art Convention invites all comic book collectors and fans to their own kind of show - a dazzling assortment of events, entertainment, guests, and displays!

This year, we return to the Statler-Hilton Hotel, where the Comic Art Convention was located for its first five years. Long-time convention fans will renew acquaintance and conjure up early memories of their convention experiences. Newer collectors and first-time attendees will enjoy the setting a great (and freshly redecorated) hotel provides.

Both Saturday and Sunday will be full rich days. A tight schedule of attractions will keep things lively, and you'll have to make an effort to see the art displays, hear the guests, watch the slide shows, shop for your most-wanted comic books, attend the autograph sessions, ap-

plead the costume parade, meet new friends (who have the same mania you do), get to the next panel on time, and perhaps even find time for a quick lunch!

You can learn more than you ever expected from the forthright talks given by famous writers and artists, almost always with question-and-answer periods afterward, so that you can participate. When you find out how the artists, writers, and editors really feel about working with each other, you'll know you're among familiar friends who are willing to share some experiences.

If you come to buy, you'll find dealers from all over the country gathered into an exotic bazaar of delectable collectibles - not only comic books old and new, but fine artists' original drawings, big little books, comic character toys and games, posters, fanzines, new products, movie and science fiction memorabilia, bubble gum cards

from Superman to Galactica, photos, autographs - more than you can imagine (or afford!).

But you can feel rich just by being there! The priceless prizes that all collectors lust for are right in front of your fascinated eyes. The art you love, whether paintings or black and white line work, are there for your inspection. The newest publications, almost all with fresh printings in, are being offered by their publishers, often with the artists present to add their autographs.

Also: Films on Saturday night when the rest of the show closes down.

Also: An auction each day, of some superb offerings (and some cheery cheapies, too!).

Also: Contests, awards, and more!

Make this year your best as a comics fan. Come to the Twelfth Annual Comic Art Convention in New York City! You'll be delighted you did.

Please send for further info and hotel rates to:

PHIL SEULING'S

COMIC ART CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA

Sat., July 14, 12 noon - 8:00 p.m.
Sun., July 15, 10 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Adults \$3.00
12 & under \$1.50

The comic book collectors' favorite convention invites all fans to come to their own kind of event - the best show of its kind on the country! The Statler-Hilton Hotel will be the venue as it has been before and the crowds will be here on July 14 and 15, Saturday and Sunday, two days of a comics fans' fantasy!

In the Beginning:

Three years ago, a peculiar set of circumstances caused the Comic Art Convention which had run for more years in New York City, to look toward Philadelphia for a temporary home. That first Philadelphia experience was such a grand and glorious time that it demanded a repeat performance last year. Now we have a third and even better time planned for July of this year, in what has become a terrific and delightful annual engagement - the Comic Art Convention in Philadelphia!

Attractions:

Although it is still too early to announce specific details, we can guarantee some of the best times you'll have this summer! Whether you want an autograph from an admired artist, or you like bidding on rare comic material at one of the daily auctions, or you are excited by seeing up close the artwork you loved in comic books or on magazine covers, or you want to expand your comic art knowledge at the panels,

talks, slide shows, lectures, or interviews - whatever you like best, a full schedule will offer you a treat!

The best part of it all will of course be you, the fans, and the excitement you bring with you. Remember, this is the year you promised to enter the wonderful Costume Parade (isn't it?) and not just come to watch. Let's participate, gang, and there will be a souvenir gift to everyone who enters in costume! (No civilian disguises, wise guys.)

A Blast from the Past:

Those ever-loving purveyors of rare and beautiful old comic books - the dealers! - will be here from all quarters, ready to exchange their precious material for a mere handful of your gold. You can buy a bargain or go sky high for that incredibly scarce issue you've always imagined owning. And who can pass up a price on a dream!

Just bring in the same immense room with millions of these treasures will be worth your time at the Convention. Look at 1940's comic books, artist drawings, old comic books, character toys, new or recent comics, games, mementos, premiums, gum cards, science fiction books, movie posters, and try to imagine such a collection of historic and valued material anywhere else! This is the place to be!

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